1568/1067

AN

EPISTLE

TO

Gorges Edmond Howard, Esq:

With NOTES

EXPLANATORY, CRITICAL, *and* HISTORICAL,

BY

GEORGE FAULKNER, Esq;

And ALDERMAN.

Cum tot sustineas, et tanta negotia solus.

HOR.

DUBLIN:

Printed for PAT. WOGAN in Church-street. 1771.

Advertiſement, by the Annotator.

THIS Poem is juſtly ranked with the moſt celebrated Compoſitions of Doctor Swift, Pope, Major Pack, Cowley, Prior, Mrs. Pilkington, Parnel, Addiſon, and Henry Jones, whoſe Works may be had, bound or in Sheets, at my Shop in Parliament-ſtreet. I have undertaken, at the Requeſt of my Friends to add Annotations, Remarks, Strictures, and obſervations, explanatory, critical, and hiſtorical, for the Benefit of Strangers, who might otherwiſe be ignorant of many Perſons, Things, and Circumſtances, alluded to in the Compoſition, after the Manner and Form of my Notes on Dr. Jonathan Swift, D. S. P. D. that have not a little contributed to improve, and likewiſe make his Works be underſtood.

A N

EPISTLE

TO

Gorges Edmond Howard, Eſq. *(a)*

LET F—k—r boaſt *(b)* of rhymes and letters,
To praiſe himſelf, and maul his betters;

For

(a) Epiſtle to G. E. H.]—He hath amaſſed a conſiderable fortune by various means, and lived in tolerable repute, as a practiſing attorney, till he quarrelled with the author hereof; who has ſince expoſed him in ſundry witty paragraphs, pointed epigrams, ſtinging repartees, facetious verſes, biting epiſtles, humorous acroſtics, ſharp railleries, keen retorts, brilliant quibbles, and anonymous ſtanzas.

(b) Let Faulkner boaſt, &c.]—George Faulkner, printer, bookſeller, and author of the Dublin Journal. He hath lived with the firſt wits of the preſent age in great credit, and upon a footing of much intimacy and kindneſs. He is well known to have been the particular friend of the Dean of St. Patrick's, and at this moment correſponds with the Earl of Cheſterfield, whoſe letters will be publiſhed by him immediately after the demiſe of ſaid Earl. He was ſent to Newgate by the Houſe of Commons in the year 1738, for his ſteadineſs in prevaricating in the cauſe of liberty; and ſworn an alderman of Dublin in the year 1770: fined for not ſerving the office of ſheriff in the year 1768. His Journal (to which he hath lately added a fourth column) is circulated all over Europe, and taken in at the coffee-houſes in Conſtantinople, beſides Bath, Briſtol, Boſton, Tunbridge Wells, Brighthelmſtone, Virginia, and Eyre-Connaught. In his paragraphs he hath always ſtudied the proſperity and honour of his native country, by ſtrenuouſly decrying of whiſkey, projecting cellars, holes made by digging for gra-

vel

For law and wit we read your page,
Which guides the courts, and charms the ſtage, *(c)*
The *ermin'd ſages* quote your *Pleas*,
And children liſp your roundelays.
On Fancy's wing aloft you ſoar,
To praiſe Monroe, *(d)* and Letty Gore;

Their

vel in the high roads, voiding of excrements in the public ſtreets, throwing of ſquibs, crackers, ſky-rockets, and bonfires; by which many lives are loſt, men, women, and children maimed; ſick perſons diſturbed out of their ſleep; eyes burned out, and horſes ſtarted; recommeding it to Archbiſhops, Dukes, Lords, Privy Counſellors, Generals, Colonels, Field Officers, and Captains, to fall down precipices, tumble into cellars, be overturned by rubbiſh thrown in the ſtreets, in order to remove nuiſances; diſſuading all bloods, bucks, ſmarts, rapparees, and other ſuch infernal night-walkers, from committing manſlaughter upon pigs, hackney horſes, watchmen's lanterns, and other enormities; prophane curſing and ſwearing, and breaking the Sabbath, and the commandments; exclaiming againſt the importation of potatoes, and adviſing to grow more corn; inciting to virtue by characters in his Journal, and calling upon the magiſtrates to do their duty.—The Earl of Cheſterfield compareth him unto Atticus a Roman Baronet, and ſundry other compliments.——*N. B.* His nephew Todd, continueth to make the beſt brawn, and hath lately imported a large quantity of James's Powders.

(c) Which guides the courts, and charms the ſtage.]—Howard hath publiſhed Pleas on the Exchequer Equity; Rules of Chancery; Almeyda, or the Rival Kings, a Tragedy; The Siege of Tamar, and the Female Gameſtr, in manuſcript.

(d) To praiſe Monroe.]—This hinteth unto the under-written ſtanzas of ſaid Howard, whereby he adviſeth and encourageth a painter to proceed in painting ſaid lady, and likewiſe publickly declareth, that he himſelf will be an adventurer, and will dare to undertake to compleat, and alſo to finiſh the piece, by partly ſupplying ſome hints, whereby ſaid painter may be forwarded in his work.

To a certain nobleman, on being told he had wiſhed for the picture of a celebrated beauty.

Fond ſwain, I hear your wiſh is ſuch,
Some painter ſhou'd on canvaſs touch,

The

Their charms ſhall laſt in ſong divine,
Like embryos preſerved in wine.

Your

The beauties of Monroe;
But where's the adventurer will dare,
The happy mixture to prepare,
Her peerleſs charms to ſhew.

Yet, by thoſe radiant beauties fir'd,
And my ambitious muſe inſpir'd,
Let me ſome hints ſupply:
To Nature's ſtores then ſtraight reſort,
Cull ev'ry tint, the goddeſs court,
This pice to dignify.

—Firſt, let the cheek with bluſhes glow,
Juſt as when damaſk roſes blow,
Glift'ning with morning dew;
Contraſted with the virgin white,
With which the lily glads the ſight,
Blend them in lovely hue.

And truly then that cheek to grace,
Upon her flowing treſſes place,
The cheſnut's auburn down;
Her lips you may in ſort depaint,
By cherries ripe, yet ah 'twere faint,
Shou'd they with her's be ſhewn.

Next, let two eyes with luſtre gleam,
Even as the ſun's reflected beam,
Upon the glaſſy lake;
Tinge it with dye of brilliant jet,
Let it in milk be ſweetly ſet,
Each wand'ring heart to take.

Let the tranſparent web of lawn,
Be o'er the virgin boſom drawn,
As fair—yet cold as ſnow;
That love may thro' the veil eſpy,
What elſe were more than mortal eye,
Cou'd view and ſafety know.

But O to trace th' internal grace,
That beams divinely in her face,
How vain the muſe wou'd ſoar:
If e'er celeſtial cherub came,
To bleſs thy ſight, in myſtic dream,
Snatch that——the taſk is o'er.

Your claſſic pencil finely traces,
The beauties of the SISTER GRACES; *(e)*
When in an eaſy vein you tell us,
Of Love's miſtake, and Venus jealous.

His ſire, his fortune to improve,
To ſtudy law young Ovid drove, *(f)*
He heeded naught but verſe and love.

The

(e) The beauties of the SISTER GRACES.]—Three Miſs Montgomeries, on whom Howard wrote the following under-written verſes printed in theſe notes.

On the abſence and return of THE THREE FAVOURITE SISTERS.

Of late Love's Queen all in deſpair,
Fled through each region of the air,
Her graces were aſtray:
To ſeek them, Maia's winged ſon,
From Pole to Pole with ſpeed had run,
It was a buſtling day.

Cupid, who had to earth been ſent,
Return'd, with haſte and toil near ſpent,
And vow'd he ſaw them there:
That 'twas on fam'd Ierne's ſhore,
Than which with beauties none ſhines more,
On the tereſtral ſphere.

Straightway a troop of little Loves,
Who tend their Queen where e'er ſhe moves,
And baſk in her ſweet eyes:
Flew for the nymphs, whom, when they brought,
Alack! 'twas fouud the urchins caught,
The three Montgomeries.

Soon as their charms ſhone full to view,
The Paphian Goddeſs jealous grew,
She fear'd her future reign:
Her boy ſhe chid for his miſtake,
Nor wou'd forgive, 'till he took back,
The three to earth again.

(f) To ſtudy law young Ovid drove.]—Ovid, otherwiſe called Naſo, a famous

The ſame thy vein;—but happier you,
Can make eſtates and verſes too;
In both you equally ſucceed,
Reſiſtleſs when you ſing or plead;
Thus by the force of diff'rent arts,
Men loſe their lands, and maids their hearts.

Oh how each breaſt with rapture glow'd,
At your ſublime Pindaric Ode: *(g)*
With your applauſe the Garden rings, *(h)*
When you deſcribe the beſt of Kings;
All hearts to loyalty you tune, *(i)*
'Till Jacobites turn Whigs in June!

a famous poet in the reign of Auguſtus. He wrote ſeveral books of Metamorphoſis, or the changing of one thing into another, Love Epiſtles, and Faſt Days: he was not called to the bar, nor ever practiſed as an attorney. For further particulars ſee his works, *In Uſum Delphini*, printed and ſold by me in Parliament-ſtreet.

(g) At your ſublime Pindaric Ode.]—Howard wrote an Ode on his Majeſty's Birth-day, which much reſembleth Dryden's on the Feaſt of Alexander. I have conſulted ſundry of the beſt critics, judges, and geniuſes; Mr. Dexter, who keepeth the Four-Courts Marſhalſea; Mr. Ravenagh, attorney at law; Mr. Croker, Ald. Emerſon, at the Spinning-wheel, Caſtle-ſtreet, and others; who all aſſure me they don't think Howard's Ode ſuperior to Dryden's. In my own opinion, Dryden's is preferable.

(h) With your applauſe the Garden rings.]—The Garden, commonly called the New-Gardens, or Dr. Bartholomew Moſs's Gardens. They were opened in the year 1757, and an hoſpital erected for lying-in-women. 'Tis an excellent charity, and a ſtately edifice.—This note was ſent me by an ingenious friend, who deſires his name may not be made public.

(i) All hearts to loyalty you tune.]—The people of Ireland are remarkable

Well Bartlemon' *(k)* you may take pride in
A bard, who ſoars above old Dryden; *(l)*
For who that Howard's Ode can taſte,
Will reliſh Alexander's Feaſt?
Shou'd fooliſh George attempt to turn all
Your works to burleſque, in his Journal,
You'll make him of your wit the butt,
And prove a deadlier foe than Foote. *(m)*

For

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markable for a great deal of loyalty, and thick legs: as a proof of this, the Government goes in their coaches every 4th of November round the ſtatue of his Majeſty King George II. at Stephen's-green, in honour of King William III. with one in College-green, of glorious and immortal memory, whom God long preſerve.

(k) Bartlemon.] A celebrated muſician, who playeth upon the fiddle at the New-Gardens, or Doctor Bartholomew Moſe's Gardens. He ſet Howard's ode to muſic, on the birth-day of his Majeſty George III. whom God long preſerve. *Vivat Rex.*

(l) A bard who ſoars above old Dryden.]—John Dryden, a poet, who was well known in the reign of Charles II. He was born of a gentleman's family in Northamptonſhire. In order to give his countrymen of Ireland ſome more intimate knowledge of him, (no author's works having a better ſale at my ſhop in Parliament-ſtreet) I undertook a journey to London, to collect materials for his life; but after remaining there 3 months for this purpoſe, I could only learn that he was accuſtomed to ſit in a big chair among the wits at Button's; and this my friends telling me not being ſufficient for a life of ſaid poet, I acordingly diſcontinued it.

(m) And prove a deadlier foe than Foote.]—Samuel Foote, Eſq; manager of the Theatre Royal in the Hay-market, London. He expoſed Alderman Faulkner, under the character of Peter Paragraph, in one of his pieces, acted upon Smock-alley ſtage in Dublin. He was proſecuted for ſaid offence by Mr. Faulkner, and tried before Mr. Juſtice Robinſon, who invelghed very eloquently againſt ſtage-players, and ſaid he might be conſidered as rubbiſh or a dunghill, and brought under the head of nuiſances.—The learned council for the proſecutor, alſo compared him unto Ariſtophanes, and the alderman unto Socrates; adding alſo, that Socrates was not the worſe for the compariſon. The play-houſe would have run with blood on this occaſion, and many ſwords would have been drawn, had not Mr. Faulkner prevailed on his friends

For tho' good natur'd all your life,
Averſe to calumny and ſtrife,
Yet Satire's ſting you can impart,
Tho' oft goodnature hides the dart:
On thiſtles thus ſoft down we ſpy,
Yet underneath ſharp prickles lie.
In vain the Freeman aid ſhall bring,
" You're not a bee without a ſting;" (n)
Tho' wiſely ev'ry ſweet you cull,
Of which your apothegms are full. (o)

friends (who were preſent every night of the repreſentation) to hear the piece out, and let him take his remedy by law; to which they very obligingly conſented.——*N. B.* Said Foote hath with impunity expoſed upon the ſtage, ſome of the greateſt men, and greateſt wits now living; ſuch as the late Duke of Newcaſtle, Mr. Glover, the late Alderman Beckford, Mr. Langford the auctioneer, Mr. Peter Taylor, and the rev. Mr. Whitfield. He loſt his leg by a providential fall from his horſe, in company with his late royal highneſs the Duke of York, at the ſeat of the Earl of Mexborough. He was taken up much bruiſed, and the amputation was performed by Surgeon Bromfield.

(n) "You're not a bee without a ſting."]—There is a peculiar felicity (as I am told) in this compariſon of Howard unto a bee, although the Epiſtle ſayeth that he "is not a bee;" for whereas a bee never reſteth upon one bud or flower, but flyeth about in wandering and uncertain angles, from ſhrub to ſhrub, and from Hollyhock to poppy, and never is content until his bags be filled: ſo Howard hath amaſſed an ample fortune by different occupations; and alſo hath compleated a volume of apothegms, from the divers rich ſpoils of learning which he hath happened to encounter in his poring over books, many of which he hath had acceſs to in my ſhop in Parliament-ſtreet.

(o) Of which your apothegms are full.]—Some of the greateſt geniuſes of antiquity, and the moderns, have taken particular delight in collecting all the wiſe ſayings, and brilliant proverbs of the cute obſervers upon men, manners, and things—an excellent collection of this ſort

You prove what riches tillage yields, (p)
And ſmiling plenty crowns our fields;
Sure all who read you muſt allow,
You write as if you held the plough.
You prove by ploughs the kingdom's fed, (q)
That *pictures* cannot ſerve for *bread*:
From whence 'tis plain this lazy nation,
Owes to your pen its preſervation.

My muſe the Architect now greets,
Whoſe lofty domes adorn our ſtreets; (r)

Who

ſort is to be found in one of the laſt pages of Boyer's French Gentleman's Grammar. But I am informed that the Lord Bacon, Baron Verulam, Viſcount St. Albins, and Plutarch, have been more induſtrious in this way than any of their contemporaries, the moderns. Howard, in imitation of theſe ſupernatural wits, is alſo the author of a compilation of an octavo volume, under the title of Howard's Apothegms, collected from Bacon, Plutarch, Sir John Fielding, Julius Cæſar, The Wit's Vade Mecum, Solon, a Chriſtmas Box for Young Ladies, Taylor's Holy Living and Dying, and the Buck's Companion.

(p) *You prove what riches tillage yields.*]—Howard is the author of ſeveral letters, ſigned Agricola, recommending tillage. I printed them without any expence to the author, before our quarrel, but have ſince declined it. He hath taken moſt of his hints from my paragraphs, and endeavoured to imitate my ſtyle and ſpirit; but my friends tell me he hath failed therein.

(q) *You prove by ploughs the kingdom's fed.*]—Ploughs, an inſtrument for turning up the earth, were firſt invented by Triptolemus, a near relation of the Goddeſs Ceres, and afterwards much improved by Mr. John Wynne Baker, of the Dublin Society.—The Iriſh formerly ploughed by the tail with bullocks; but upon Doctor Swift's voyage to the Houynhams being publiſhed, and his ſaying ſo much in praiſe of horſes, this barbarous, horrid, attrocious, ſhocking, deteſtable, cruel, nefarious cuſtom was aboliſhed by act of parliament. See an Abridgement of the Iriſh Statues, ſold by me in Parliament-ſtreet.

(r) *Whoſe lofty domes adorn our ſtreets.*]—Howard owneth many houſes

Who, Vanburgh like, claims double bays, (f)
For piling ſtones, and writing plays.
Your ſkill inſtructs Gymnaſtic ſchools, (s)
And Carte and Tierce reduc'd to rules,

Prove

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houſes in Parliament-ſtreet. I built my own houſe myſelf, Howard having nothing to ſay to it, nor ſhall ever come within my doors, unleſs it be to pay for advertiſements in my Journal, or to buy medicines of my nephew Todd.—It may be worth while to mention a very entertaining anecdote (for the ſatisfaction of the curious) relating thereunto: When my houſe was building I happened to be out of the way one morning, penning an advertiſement for an agreeable companion to pay half the expence of a poſt chaiſe, to ſee that ſtupendous curioſity of nature, the Giant's Cauſeway, about which 'tis ſtill a doubt amongſt the learned, whether it be done in the common way by giants, or whether it be an effort of ſpontaneous nature, and my houſe was erected without any ſtair-caſe; whereby the upper ſtories were rendered uſeleſs, unleſs by the communication of a ladder placed in the ſtreet. But upon conſidering my misfortune in wanting my member, and the careleſneſs of hackney coachmen, who drive furiouſly through the ſtreets at all hours, in a ſtate of drunkenneſs from ſpirituous liquors, whereby the ladder might be ſhook or thrown down when I was aſcending it, I thought it better to re-build my houſe, and it has at preſent a ſtair-caſe, by which there is a convenient and elegant communication between all parts of ſaid tenement.—It is ſomewhat remarkable that my houſe in Eſſex-ſtreet had no ſtair-caſe, whereby nature ſeemeth to point out, that having but one leg, I ought not to attempt climbing, and ſhould always remain on the ground floor.

(f) Who Vanburgh like, &c.]—Sir John Vanburgh. He was a great poet and architect. I was not perſonally acquainted with him any farther than printing his works, becauſe he died before my time. Being impriſoned in the Baſtile, and having no light, nor pen or ink allowed him, he amuſed himſelf with drawing divers plans of the Baſtile, which he hath ſince introduced into many buildings with great ſucceſs, particularly Blenheim, which much reſembleth the Baſtile.

(s) Your ſkill inſtructs Gymnaſtick ſchools.]—Howard wrote a treatiſe on fencing, and is accounted an expert ſwordſman—He declined accepting a challenge which I ſent him to fight my nephew Todd, (in the way of proxy) at the Fifteen Acres, with piſtols. I could not fight myſelf, becauſe I am pledged to the public for my Journal, three times a week, and have the care of the city upon me in my capacity of an alderman. My nephew was at firſt unwilling to accept the combat, but upon my promiſing to leave him the Journal after my death, and making him take two ſpoonfuls of his own *Elixir Vitæ*, he at laſt

conſented.

Prove you the firſt of mortal men,
To poiſe a ſword, or point a pen.
New light on ev'ry art you ſtrike,
And matchleſs ſhine in all alike;
For who can tell if moſt you're ſkill'd in
The pen, the plough, the ſword, or building?
A puny author may diſcloſe
Some ſkill in rhyme, but none in proſe;
In proſe another ſhews his wit,
Who can't a ſingle ſtanza hit:
Your foes unwillingly confeſs,
In both you equal ſkill poſſeſs. *(t)*

On

conſented. This medicine is only imported by him, and is excellent for preventing accidents by ſudden death and megrims: It alſo cureth all mortal wounds, by gun-ſhot and other miſſive weapons.

(t) In both you equal ſkill poſſeſs.]—This, I conceive, alludeth to the following under-written letter of Mr. Howard's, from Killarney, with the ſignature of POBLICOLA, with a deſcription, and likewiſe a compariſon of the Giant's Cauſeway, whereunto he ſubjoineth an inſcription for the tomb-ſtone of Dr. Averel, biſhop of Limerick, and uncle to the right hon. Francis Andrews, Provoſt of Trinity-College, Dublin, who repreſenteth the loyal city of Londonderry in parliament.—*N. B.* That Killarney is a ſmall village of that name in the county of Kerry. It is a market town, but doth not ſend two members to parliament, as moſt other boroughs do. It is part of the eſtate of Lord Viſcount Kenmare, who hath forfeited his title, he being a Catholic nobleman, although very hoſpitable, and keepeth a moſt plentiful table, furniſhed with all the varieties the ſeaſon affords. I alſo had the honour to dine with him when I journeyed into theſe parts, to ſee the beauties of this wonderous lake.

To

On a *true* mirrour's poliſh'd face,
All objects thus we plainly trace,

But

To the printer of the DUBLIN MERCURY.

SIR, *Killarney, Sept. 26th*, 1771.

I have at length ſeen what I have long wiſhed to ſee, this wonderous lake; to attempt to deſcribe it would require the ableſt pen of the antient poets, or, of modern poets, the famous painter of ſaid lake, wherefore, I ſhall never attempt it:—yet, notwithſtanding all the beauties of the lake, I cannot think it, as a curioſity, equal to the Giant's Cauſeway; I have ſeen both, I never ſaw any thing LIKE the firſt, nor any thing EQUAL to the latter; this diſtinction is agreed to by all I have mentioned it to. But alas! this lake has been the death of a man, for whom the whole province here is in tears, the late biſhop of Limerick, Dr. Averel, our countryman:——To ſum up all ſhortly as I can, I heard the people of Limerick, (where I was ſhortly after his death) ſay, that there has not been ſuch a biſhop ſince the time of the apoſtles; that the Romiſh clergy ſaid, they ſhould not wonder, had he lived any time, if they had loſt many of their flocks.—What obligations then are due to our Lord Lieutenant, for having appointed ſuch a man their paſtor, for though Heaven has pleaſed to take him away, his ſucceſſor will hear ſo much of him, that he cannot but endeavour to imitate him? I heard this acknowledged by ſeveral, as alſo for his concurrence in appointing that well known friend to his country, and their city, eſpecially, ſpeaker: from theſe and many other like inſtances of his impartial conduct, it is wiſhed that we may never loſe him;—and every day the advantage of a reſident Vice-Roy becomes more and more manifeſt; that from this new mode of government, there is far more likelihood that merit will be rewarded, proper perſons appointed to offices, and the laws ſupported and executed. A gentleman of your city happening to be at Limerick, ſhortly after the interment of the biſhop, and hearing the prodigious great character of him from all perſons, wrote the following lines, extempore, as an inſcription for a monument.

POBLICOLA.

Beneath this marble ſtone weep, mankind weep,
Averel, your friend lies wrapp'd in endleſs ſleep;
Who, for the poor alone, did fortune crave,
And deem'd himſelf but rich in that he gave;
From whom, the pray'r of want, or plaint of woe
Ne'er did unpitied, nor unhappy goe.
His mournful flock to their bleſs'd paſtor's praiſe,
With grateful heart this parting tribute pays.

But if in ſpots the MERC'RY lie,
A broken image meets the eye.

O Howard! is it not ſurprizing,
Your wit alone ſhould ſtop your riſing!
Elſe on the bench you might be thruſt,
Tho' ſlow as ſnail, that crawls thro' duſt,
By ſelf-conceit you might advance,
As quickſilver makes puddings dance. *(u)*
From men of ſenſe fools win the day,
As horſes fly, when aſſes bray.
O ſons of Dulneſs! bleſs'd by fate!
Fitteſt for law, for church, and ſtate;
Your parent's influence prevails,
And gives her dunces—mitres—*ſeals!*
A Tiſdall's depth, *(v)* a Townſhend's wit,
Is not for plodding buſineſs fit;

An

(u) As quickſilver makes puddings dance.]—Nothing is more entertaining to a large company, than to ſee a pudding vibrating, ſhaking, moving, and dancing upon the diſh, by means of quickſilver inſerted into the body of it.

(v) A Tiſdall's depth.]—The right hon. Philip Tiſdall, Attorney-General.

An Eagle's wings were form'd for flight,
A Gooſe's furniſh quills—to write.

I'd alſo ſing, if I were able,
Your generous wine, and feſtive table;
Where all thoſe wits in crowds aſſemble,
Who make the vile Committee tremble:
There, Donough's humour mirth provokes, *(w)*
While all admire his *Attic* jokes, *(x)*
Tho' oft to prove his taſte the beſt,
He laughs alone at his own jeſt:
Then boaſts how once his patron roſe,
And told the ſtory of THREE CROWS;
Which he'll inſert, with meet apology,
In his new Syſtem of Chronology; *(y)*

(w) There Donough's humour mirth provokes.]—The rev. Doctor Dennis, chaplain to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland; author of many ingenious pieces.

(x) While all admire his Attic *jokes.*]—The people of Attica were remarkable for the goodneſs of their jokes, and for having the beſt ſalt for preſerving meat for foreign importation; by which means they underſold all their neighbours in the article of ſalt proviſions. I hope this may be a timely warning to this poor, undone, infatuated country.—Attica was called the Corke of Greece.

(y) In his new Syſtem of Chronology.]—Doctor Dennis is at preſent engaged in digeſting a new ſyſtem of Chronology, under the title of Chronological and Hiſtorical Diſſertations; which I ſhall be glad to print and ſell at my ſhop in Parliament-ſtreet.

And after mending Newton's errors, *(z)*
St. Audeon's-Arch he'll fill with terrors.
The Caſtle tribe aloud confeſs, *(a)*
Him great Alcides of the preſs,
Like that immortal hero known,
For fathering labours *not his own.*

B—w—s, in epigram ſo ſmart, *(b)*
'Till griping H—rt—d broke his heart, *(c)*

Now

(z) And after mending Newton's errors.]—Sir Iſaac Newton. He was made a knight by Queen Anne, and maſter of the mint, a place worth 1000l. yearly. He was reckoned a good mathematician, and was very fond of looking through teleſcopes.

(a) The Caſtle tribe aloud confeſs.]—This alludeth to the Doctor's being the ſuppoſed author of all the political pieces which appear in the Mercury.

(b) B—w—s in epigram ſo ſmart.]—Doctor Burrows during the adminiſtration of the Earl of Hertford, maintained the government by many ingenious pieces, particularly witty epigrams, for which he hath a peculiar facility. I have ſelected one, which was the moſt admired by the beſt judges, as a ſpecimen of the Doctor's abilities.

What! ſweet Miſs Meredith of Cheſter,
Eſpous'd to Alderman Trecothic!
That ſtupid cit—but what poſſeſs'd her,
To chuſe an animal ſo gothic:
Some demon ſure her mind miſled,
To make a choice ſo void of reaſon;
Elſe what could tempt the girl to wed,
A wretch who ſoon muſt ſwing for treaſon.

Another one.

A gooſe in the oven! no, ſir, 'tis a ſlander,
As ſome, who diſcover'd the fact can declare,
For it was not a *gooſe*,, but you a poor *gander*,
(As fools will be peeping) who thruſt your head there.

(c) 'Till griping H—rt—d broke his heart.]—Some of my moſt familiar

Now deals in Hebrew roots profound,
And only treads prophetic ground;
Jerus'lem's Artichoke ſupplies,
Thoſe viſions that made Daniel wiſe.
The Doctor proves to all the nation,
No myſt'rys couch'd in Revelation.
'Till every goſſip can explain,
What ſage divines explore in vain.
No juggler ever play'd ſuch tricks,
As he with John's ſeven candleſticks,
By whoſe myſterious lights are ſpied,
Wicklow's Seven Churches typified.

Next maudlin B——ke, *(d)* whoſe novels pleaſe,
Like ſome old dotard's reveries,

miliar and intimate critics and geniuſes is of opinion, that the poet meaneth gripping Hertford, and that it ought therefore to be ſpelled with a double p. But I candidly and totally differ from them, and proſecute my own opinion, in maintaining that it implyeth, that his Excellency the ſaid Earl of Hertford, was grievouſly afflicted with various diſorders of the gripes, brought upon him by windy flatulencies, mortal dry belly-achs, and other pinching ſickneſſes of the guts, during the time he preſided over the chief government of this his native country; and that this was the whole tote of his caſe is notoriouſly known to every human creature, man, woman, or children, whether in the Caſtle, in the city, or the ſuburbs of Dublin.

(d) Next maudlin B——ke, &c.]—Henry Brooke, Eſq; an excellent poet, philoſopher, and patriot. He hath for ſome time retired to his country

Without beginning, middle, ending,
To *utile* or *dulce* tending.
With equal art, his genius pliant,
Can drain a bog, or *quell a giant*.
Whilſt one hand wounds each venal brother,
He for a bribe extends the other;
Your character's worth juſt ſo much,
As you afford, and he can touch;
With ev'ry virtue he abounds,
Who tips the patriot fifty pounds;

Gold

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country ſeat in the Bog of Allen, where he is carrying on great improvements, in laying the country under water, and ſearching for hidden treaſures in the bottom of lakes, ponds, marſhes, ſloughs, and other navigable rivers. He publiſhed a famous Novel, called, The Fool of Quality, which is ſold in ſeparate volumes, or together, at my ſhop in Parliament-ſtreet. There is ſo much variety in this piece, that the beſt judges agree, 'tis indifferent at what part you begin to read it, being beautifully interſperſed with ſtories of beggars, trouts, foreign birds, and Indian princeſſes. The Earl of Cheſterfield, as a proof of his eſteem for his fine talents, made him a barrack-maſter. He is a true friend to the religion of his country, and hath written many excellent tracts in defence of Popery, and the Proteſtant perſuaſion. He wrote a ballad opera, called, Jack the Giant Queller, being a ſatire upon the Lords Juſtices of Ireland, which was accordingly forbid to be repreſented. The excellent tragedy of Guſtavus was alſo ſtopped for the ſame reaſon, by the Lord Chamberlain, being a noble incitement to ſedition, in the cauſe of liberty. He was at firſt the conductor of the Free-Preſs, which truſt he executed with great integrity, taking divers ſums of money from ſeveral public officers, to prevent their being ſatirized in ſaid Journal; which he did with great integrity. This Journal is not ſo univerſally circulated and admired as mine, becauſe it containeth not ſuch a variety of intereſting particulars, intelligence from foreign courts, the Tranſit of Venus, high water at Dublin-bar, aſſize of bread, ſailing and return of packets, births, deaths, and marriages; not to mention curious queries, and ingenious paragraphs.

Gold works ſtrange wonders in his eyes,
Makes cowards brave, and dunces wiſe.
Like Swiſs, his hireling muſe engages,
On any ſide that pays beſt wages;
One while ſtaunch friend to Martin Luther,
He finds pure light and goſpel truth there;
Then thro' the realm makes proclamation,
For Popery, Prieſts, and Toleration.
He firſt with many a fair pretence,
To public ſpirit, truth, and ſenſe,
Hatch'd that diſgrace to law and reaſon,
That maſs of ſlander, dulneſs, treaſon;
That Journal which the Arch produces,
For ſingeing fowl, or viler uſes.
How chang'd from him whoſe noble rage,
Brought great Guſtavus to the ſtage,
And rous'd the Patriot's god-like fire,
In ſtrains which Phœbus might admire.
Now Metius' fate and his are one,
By all he's torn, that's true to none.

MACRO, with college duſt beſprent, (e)
There mingles to give malice vent,
With various tongues thick ſet as fame,
And ev'ry tongue diſpos'd to blame.
In ſtudious Macro may be ſeen,
The copious Polyglot of ſpleen:
He ſearches old and modern lore,
To learn to hate his neighbour more;
Fond of men's follies and their vices,
As beggar of his ſores and lice is;
With eyes like fox, and mouth like ſhark,
That ſeems leſs form'd to ſpeak than bark.
Let others while their bowls they quaff,
Diſtend their lungs with heart-felt laugh;
In ſhort ſhrill ſhrieks of fiend-like glee,
He proves his riſibility.
His knowledge, like a treacherous beacon
Holds out falſe lights to the miſtaken,
And

(e) *Macro, with college duſt beſprent.*]—We have not been able to diſcover whom the author intendeth to deſcribe in theſe verſes: but ſome ingenious friends conjecture that it is ſome rev. gentleman, who underſtandeth many languages, and keepeth a play-houſe Miſs.

And when they wander from their way,
Humanely leads them more aſtray.
Yet Macro, whoſe peculiar pride
Is to expoſe a friend's blind ſide,
Can to more glaring folly ſtoop:
Himſelf a bankrupt *player's* dupe.

There baſhful B——n once was ſeen, (f)
Miſtaking dulneſs for the ſpleen;
Who ſays, unſays, agrees, diſputes,
And his own arguments confutes.
How eloquent in ſhrugs and ſighs!
In uplift hands, and winking eyes!
What ſupplications, what contorſions!
His words half form'd, his thoughts abortions!
Such wriggling, graſping, pawing, leering,
You know not if its praiſe, or ſneering.
Such ſudden ſtops, and circumflections;
Such prefacings, and interjections,

With

(f) *There baſhful B——n once was ſeen.*]—The rev. Mr. Boden, chaplain to the Lord Chancellor of Ireland.

With " ah, good Heaven," and " oh, my God, ſir,
" I'm wrong, I own, I kiſs the rod, ſir;
" There's weight and ſenſe in all you utter—"
—Mere prologues to an egg and butter;
That did not pudding ſleeves declare him,
Some antic Scaramouch you'd ſwear him.

But oh, what power more dull than ſleep,
Does o'er my torpid ſenſes creep?
Does Morpheus ſhed his poppies round?
Do freſh-pluck'd cowſlips ſtrew the ground?
Do harps Æolian lull my ear?
Are drones of Scottiſh bagpipes near?
Do beetles wind their drowſy horn?
Are gales from ſwampy Holland born?
In vain with ſnuff my noſe I ply,
In vain the power of ſalts I try,
I yawn—I nod—for Cl—ke is nigh. *(g)*

Let

(g) I yawn—I nod—for Cl——ke is nigh.]—The rev. Dr. Clarke, Vice-Provoſt of Trinity-College, Dublin. He hath a very fine taſte for poetry, which plainly appeareth by the ſpecimen annexed to this piece, as it was firſt publiſhed.

On

Let miſts and fogs inveſt my head,
Let all the fathers pen'd be read,
Bid B——nt recite his ſpeech, *(b)*
F——ns plead, or Garnet preach; *(i)*
Set mayor and aldermen before me,
Bid everlaſting C——ll bore me,
Tell o'er again a thrice told tale,
Drench me with Port, or ropy ale,

On a lady's forgetting her riding-hat. Written by the rev. Dr. Cu—rr, *when Vice-Proveſt of Trinity-College.*

I.

Fair Anna had no heart to give,
So left her head behind,
Bright MINA on whoſe ſmiles I live,
Was not by half ſo kind.

II.

Both head and heart ſhe with her brought,
And both ſhe took away,
And with her carried all ſhe caught,
THAT'S all THAT gaz'd THAT day.

III.

Ye nymphs that o'er nine wells preſide,
Inſtruct the willing fair,
To give their hearts, whate'er betide,
And hands when they come here.

IV.

So when we ſee St. John's great eve,
The fires that round do move,
Shall each inſtruct us to receive
A hand and heart that glow with love.

(b) Bid B——nt recite his ſpeech.]—The Earl of B———t, Knight of the Bath; famous for his eloquence and perſonal accompliſhments.

(i) F——ns plead, or Garnet preach.]—Counſellor John Fitz——s—Doctor Garnet, Biſhop of Clogher. He wrote an excellent Paraphraſe on the Book of Job.—The whole edition may be found at my ſhop in Parliament-ſtreet.

Be opium mingled with my drink,
My hands ſhan't fold, nor eye-lids wink:
But theſe vain boaſts avail not now,
More pond'rous Cl—ke to thee I bow.
When wilt thou eaſe the groaning town,
Thou old caſt troop horſe of the gown?
What haſt thou with the world to do,
Or what the world to ſay to you?
Thou can'ſt not now in amorous glee,
Write madrigals to *fifty-three*, (k)

And

(k) *Write madrigals to fifty three.*]—Various are the conjectures of the learned on this paſſage. Mr. Kavanagh is of opinion, that it alludeth unto the political diſputes which raged in the year fifty-three; in which the Doctor may be ſuppoſed to have wrote madrigals, to appeaſe the minds of the people. My nephew Todd inclineth to believe, that ſomething is intended which he can't diſcover. For my own part, I opine, that it only refereth to the age of the lady, who had attained her fifty-third year. It certainly is not very genteel to ridicule this paſſion, which is properly called all-powerful, to ſhew that it ſpareth neither age nor condition, ſtation nor dignity; not to mention the example of Anacreon, who was choaked with a grape-ſtone, drinking the health of his miſtreſs, at the age of four-ſcore: I am myſelf this inſtant a captive to the charms of a lady who has paſſed her grand climacteric, and have addreſſed many ſonnets to her, in a ſtyle no leſs tender than the Doctor's, one of which, the moſt admired by my friends, I have ſelected, and venture to publiſh, as a proof of my paſſion, and a ſpecimen of my poetical endowments.

To the Widow ———, on her taking a vomit of Ipecacuanha.

I.

Soft relict whoſe enchanting charms,
My captive heart enthrall;
Whoſe frown congeals, whoſe kindneſs warms,
Like honey mix'd with gall.

Say,

And friſk in rhymes to pleaſe the dame,
Which Chriſtmas bell-man would diſclaim,
Nor can'ſt thou now in fulſome ſtrain,
Pen Jacobite addreſs again;
And ſcandalizing Alma Mater, *(l)*
Of right divine in monarchs chatter;
Nor can'ſt thou on extortion bent,
Raiſe inſurrections and thy rent. *(m)*

II.

Say, when the nauſeous draught you take,
On Faulkner will you think;
And for thy own dear lover's ſake,
His health in vomit drink.

III.

Diſcharge, bright maid, the foul contents,
That now your ſtomach bind;
But oh! be ſure, at all events,
Leave Love and George behind.

IV.

So when in ſieve, well pierced with holes,
Where dregs of fires do reſt,
With ſhaking nought remains but coals,
To warm the riddler's breaſt.

(l) And ſcandalizing Alma Mater.]—Mater, as may be found in Littleton's Dictionary, is Latin for mother. My nephew Todd is of opinion, that the Doctor muſt have had ſome quarrel with his mother: for my own part, how unwilling ſoever I may be to find fault with my author, I cannot but agree with Mr. Kavanagh, and other ingenious friends, that it were better not to divulge family brangles.

(m) Raiſe inſurrections and thy rent.]—This relateth to a recent fact, which paſſed about ten years ago in the North of Ireland. The Doctor being unwilling, (for the benefit of the incumbent who was to ſucceed him) that his living ſhould be let at an under value, inſiſted with his pariſhioners, who offered him twelve hundred yearly, to be paid fourteen; which they thinking unreaſonable went to law, and reduced it to the ſum of 700l.

Then buzz no more, thou reverend drone,
But to thy kindred earth begone.

What figure next confounds my ſight,
An Auſtrian Count, an Iriſh Knight!
With doleful phiz preſaging wonder,
Much German pride and Iriſh blunder. *(n)*
Mark with what eaſe his brain creates
Speeches ne'er *ſpoke*, miſcall'd Debates,
'Till at the goddeſs Dulneſs' ſummons,
He makes one C——ll of the commons. *(o)*

No

(n) Much German pride and Iriſh blunder.]—The Germans are ſuppoſed in general to be a proud people: Julius Cæſar, and Mr. Nugent, give them this character. The Iriſh are very unjuſtly charged for a particular talent in blundering; but it is well known, that no people expreſs themſelves in their native tongue, the Engliſh, with more perſpicuity and preciſion; the Dean of St. Patrick's, who tho' born and bred in England, always declared himſelf, when ſober, to be an Iriſhman. It will not, I hope, be conſidered as preſumption, that I add the authority of my Journal, which is conſidered as a ſtandard of our language; whereas I have always conſulted the particular propriety of diction, and may be bold to challenge any author now extant, for ſuch a variety of tracts, written in ſo unblemiſhed a purity, without any abbreviations of terminations, and abounding in the beſt choſen epithets.

(o) He makes one C——ll of the commons.]—Doubts having ariſen how the deficient vowells are to be filled up, I conſulted ſeveral friends: my nephew Todd imagineth it meaneth caudle, a liquor drank by lying-in ladies, as it is compoſed of ſeveral mixtures: (I think it beſt when it is ſtrong of the white wine). Mr. Croker very ingeniouſly hinteth, he makes one *cartfull* of the commons; that is the commons all move together in the ſame machine. I think, with ſubmiſſion to better judgments, that the word *dungbill* removeth all difficulties, and correſponds exactly with the author's meaning, and with every thing but the text.

No brain but his cou'd e'er contain
Stories ſo vapid, old and vain;
So Plutarch tells of poiſon cold,
Which aſſes hoof alone can hold.
Humour and mirth no more are found,
For C——ll caſts a gloom around.
Lethargic dullneſs loads each eye,
Ev'n dunces pleaſe, when C——ll's by!
Thus, ſunſhine, ſparks from flint conceals,
Which darkneſs of the night reveals.
In Pliny's learned page it's found, (p)
That lightning cannot ſea-calves wound; (q)
Congenial is the dunce's matter,
Callous to wit and pointed ſatire.
Unſatisfy'd with nonſenſe ſaid,
He's now reſolv'd to read us dead,

With

(p) *In Pliny's learned page, &c.*]—Pliny wrote many books, and was killed by Mount Veſuvius falling upon his head, though he always wore a pillow faſtened to the top of his wig, to ſave him from that accident.

(q) *That lightning cannot ſea-calves wound.*]—An animal that ſeldom appeareth on our ſea-coaſts, unleſs to fiſhermen in the main Ocean.

With pamphlets nauſeating he'll puke us,
On Lord May'r's feaſts and Doctor Lucas. (r)
He ſings of beggars blind and dark,
Like ſome old ſnuffling pariſh clerk:
For ſtanzas vile he racks his brain,
And vainly mimicks Howard's ſtrain!
He writes, he hobbles, bows and leers,
To gain a ſeat among the peers;
And ev'ry abject art he tries,
To prove he's qualify'd to riſe.
With panegyric he beſpatters,
Degrading him he meanly flatters.
Ah, purblind knight! thy arts miſplac'd,
Think better of a Townſhend's taſte:
Fools only will ſuch praiſe aſſume,
As Hottentots think greaſe—perfume.

But

(r) *On Lord May'r's feaſts and Doctor Lucas.*]—A very remarkable apothecary, and member of parliament. He lived upon Ormond-quay, in Dublin, at the ſign of Boyle's Head, who was a famous druggiſt. He was baniſhed from Ireland by a vote of the Houſe of Commons, which confined him to Newgate. He returned to his native country by the ſpecial mercy of his Majeſty, whom he hath always continued to oppoſe (for his good) in two parliaments, where he repreſenteth the city of Dublin.

But whither, Clio, wou'dſt thou rove?
Fond thy deſcriptive pow'r to prove,
Reſume the theme, reſign'd too long,
And Howard's praiſe conclude the ſong.
Mæcenas puff'd by ev'ry quill, *(ſ)*
Sits higheſt on the three-fork'd hill:
And lives for ever in the praiſe
Of Horace's, and Virgil's lays, *(s)*

Yet

(ſ) Mæcenas puff'd by every quill.]—Caius Clinius Mæcenas, a great lover of learning, and learned men. For his hiſtory, and that of the Emperor Auguſtus, and the whole policy of his reign, ſee Littleton's Dictionary.

(s) Of Horace's and Virgil's lays.]—They are both to be had, from the hours of eight in the morning till twelve at night, at my ſhop in Parliament-ſtreet.

I have now gone through the ſeveral paſſages of this admired poem, which I thought required any illuſtration or comment, and the reader will judge how far I am qualified for the duty of a commentator; tho' the ſucceſs I have already met with in that capacity, leaveth me little room to doubt of the public indulgence. It would be ungrateful, did I not take this public opportunity of returning my thanks to the many learned friends who have favoured me with their aſſiſtance in this arduous undertaking: they are ſuch a catalogue of names as would do honour to the greateſt wits of antiquity; and the man who can boaſt of the friendſhip of Mr. Deane, ſixth-clerk; Mr. Dexter, keeper of the Four-courts Marſhalſea; Meſſ. Kavanagh and Croker, attorneys at law; need not be aſhamed of putting his name to any work, in which they have been his coadjutors. My nephew, Thomas Todd, has been ſo often mentioned in theſe notes, that 'tis unneceſſary to ſay an thing in his praiſe, further, than that he is an accute critic, a great traveller, and I have always found him very faithful and diligent in his duty, as my foreman. To him, therefore, this work is inſcribed, by

His ſincere friend, and paternal uncle,

GEORGE FAULKINER.

Yet not one ſtanza of his own
Has made the poet's patron known.
While Howard to unborrow'd fame,
By his own works aſſerts his claim:
Then let a double wreath reward
The muſe's patron, and their bard.

FINIS.